

*The contention of the two famous Houses,
Enter Salisbury and Warwick.*

Edward. See noble Father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of *Torke*.

Sal. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of *Torkes* encreasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou hast preferu'd my life.

Torke. VVhat say you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There as I heere to hold a Parliament.

VVhat saies Lord *Warwicke*, shall we after them?

War. After them, nay before them if we can:
Now by my faith Lords, 'twas a glorious day,
Saint *Albones* battaile wonne by famous *Torke*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.

Exit omnes.

FINIS.